MOORISH SLAVEFOR SALE HERE

SYMPTOMS ARE THAT HE WILL EVEN BE GIVEN AWAY.

Absalom Is Getting to Be Too Much for the Gilbert White Studio-He's a Slave by Profession. Not Compulsion-Any I nderground Railroad Welcome to Iiim

Gilbert White, portrait painter, has a Moorish slave named Absalom. That is, he had. Absalom may have been sold in open market by this time, because it was announced yesterday that he was going under the hammer. Any one who wants a fine Moor, 6 feet 3 tall, chest 48 inches, biceps 17, hits 1,560 on the punching mashould apply before it is too late to G. White, painter.

Absalom is a real slave. That's straight. In spite of the fourteenth amendment he remains a slave. He insists.

An American showman went to Morocco to get natives for the St. Louis fair. He raised quite a bunch, and incidentally made a great hit with the Sultan by his recitations of "Casey at the Bat" and Freda Leon, the Dread Boy Road Agent." So when the Sultan said good-by to the showman he sent a vizier to the harem for his finest slave. The vizier brought back Absalom, who's a kinsman of Raisuli, the "Raisuli dead" Raisuli, and was captured in a raid. So Absalom went to St. Louis with the show. All this on the authority of the showman's press agent, who t of the tale right here. Of course albert White doesn't have any press agent. That is why the rest of this tale is so true. When the show broke up the showman

didn't want Absalom any more. Neither did he want to send him back to Morocco. So he offered him to White. "He'll never know the difference," said the showman. "Holding slaves is against the law, or rather it ain't sanctioned, but it's all right. He couldn't live any other

way, and in them clothes he'd look great Well, Mr. White didn't want to go against the fourteenth amendment, so he left it to Absalom through an interpreter. Absalom chose slavery. He was all for it, and besides he liked the looks of the studio. He didn't know any other way of living. So Mr. White became the only slave owner

in New York. This is straight. The rest of this story of Absalom and Gilbert is only common

truth. This is preferred truth. So Absalom abode in the studio, and sewed himself a few new Moorish clothes when the old ones wore out, and became a domestic jewel. After he was once told how to do a thing he did it perfectly thereafter. He learned to cook and to serve tea in such a manner as to enrapture the ladies who came to have their portraits painted. He made only one break in the early stages of his tuition. He'd been taught how to wash clothes. One day Mr. White spilled eil on his best, new sack suit. Absalom was doing the washing that day and in went the suit with the rest of the wash. It was boiled, scrubbed, rinsed and dried, and when Absalom's employer saw it again it was in such a condition that even the old was in such a conductor that even the old-clothes man wouldn't have it. Absalom's way of mixing up towels and napkins was also embarrassing. When at a studio dinner he approached the chaperon with a low bow and spread a six-foot Turkish towel over her lap it took a lot of explan-

l over her lap it took a lot of explanStill, these were only incidents.
Absalom has certain warped Moorideas about the conduct of masters
and servants and servants toward
ers. It's all right for him to get familwith his master or one of his master's
ts. He's fond of slapping them on
back and of offering to shake hands
them. That's all right, he thinks,
like a dog wagging his tail or a cat
bing against your legs. But let Mr.
te or his friends return the slap, and
shocked and angry all through. That
onsiderable, for Absalom is of the James
effries class.

ated as Jones. Jones is in the shadow-reight class physically. He had never seen up against Absalom before. So when the slave, liking the looks of Jones, slapped him on the back, Jones slapped in return. To prove that he was really a

Absolom was standing before the sink, drawing a bread knife across a whetstone.

Now and then he would stop to feel its edge. Then he'd point its hilt toward the unconscious back of Mr. Jones, who was gazing at a new painting. Then he'd whip the back of the knife across his throat and the back of the knife across his throat and the back of the knife across his throat and the back of the knife across his throat and the back of the knife across his throat and the back of the knife across his throat and the back of the knife across his throat and the back of the knife across his throat and the deceased, but hints fell on stony ground and there was nothing to do but sit and think what the departed would say.

One mourner, however, was of the sort that leads rebellions. Rising slowly and is palate go "crr-rr-r-r!" in a dreadwe take the knife away?" whis-

pered Pottle to White.

"Can't." whispered White, trying to be calm." You ought to see him stripped! I'll fix him." And in their private pidgin English he said to Absalom:

"Don't hurt him. He's crazy."

"This is the way we treat crazy people."

This is the way we treat crazy people my country," said Absalom, and he scribed four curves with the blade and let it rest over his heart, where he gave it a Don't kill him now," said Mr. White,

still in pidgin English, "you'll spoil the dinner. He'll come again."
"All right," said Absalom. "I'll get him, though," and he stuck the bread knife in the folds of his robe and went on with dinner.

he dinner wasn't wholly a success Absalom insisted on standing behind Mr. Jones's chair. Now and then when he caught Mr. Pottle's eye he would make more gestures toward his throat.

Just after the roast was served, White and Pottle, watching from the tails of their eyes, saw a change come over the feature of Absalom. The Moor began to creep up on Jones. He was close behind Jones's is left arm crept over the shoulder etim; his right hand crept into the his robe, where the bread knife

sen.

s a moment of tension. Pottle half
on his chair; White tried to rememe first fall in jiu-jitsu—and then
n's hand dropped to the table and d through the portieres into the

it's the matter with you, White?

thing. It's a little warm in here,"

bes got out alive. When he paid

er call Absalom was out, and Jones ed again. Then Mr. White got an er from a rug store and explained Absalom the difference between and American ideas on slave

aturday, however, it happened that his portrait painted. He'd heard on Moorish etiquette. While the on Moorish etiquette. While the waited for the painter, Absalom and slapped him on the back, and the visitor made the same mistake as Jones. White came in just in time to see the return slap, and further to see Absalom duck for the business. the kitchen. The manner in which Mr. White herded his visitor out to have a drink savored of indecent haste. Just as he looked the studio door behind him a heavy body was heard to strike it from within.

Mr. White succeeded in remembering an engagement and making an appointment with his prospective sitter for next Tuesday. spective sitter for next Tuesday.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

Max Hirsch received a letter yesterday from Saratoga Springs which adds another exhibit to the interesting correspondence collected at the Metropolitan. The letter was signed "C. F. Wells" and read:

"My wife purchased seat B318, dress circle, for the Thursday performances of the cycle during February. Last night my bull pup got hold of it and chewed it into fragments. The remains are such that they can easily be deciphered. Kindly advise me what we can do."

Mr. Hirsch is going to write Mr. Wells that his wife may enter the theatre and suggest that she bring the "remains" and the bull pup along with her for identifica-

A cotillon leader has officiated recently in several places of wholly different social importance. As he has always boasted in the was to be found at his task only in the most exclusive houses, his New York friends were surprised at the willingness he displayed to go to places which were not so high in the social scale.

"Oh, really," he said, when one of them happened to ask the cause of this indifference. "You were surprised to hear it? Why, do you know, I wanted to see how the other half dances." that he was to be found at his task only

Sympathy over the plight of the sparrows in the storm seems wasted, to judge by the actions of the flock that gather on a clear strip of turf before the statue of a clear strip of turf before the statue of Farragut in Madison Square Park. Some of the hack drivers have scattered oats on the grass, and the sparrows feed and fight there with all the vim of summer days. Now and then a few of the birds fly to the fountain and, standing on the ice between whiles, bathe in the cold water as leisurely and with as much pleasure. as leisurely and with as much pleasure, evidently, as a canary in an indoor cage.

On one of the cold mornings last week an inquisitive customer waiting in a downtown drug store overheard a man in overalls ask for five cents worth of tartaric acid. Presently another workman called for the same acid. A few minutes later a big Irishman came in and got some. "Are they going to make fake lemonade this cold day?" asked the inquisitive cus-

tomer.

"Oh! no," explained the clerk. Those men are plasterers. They mix the acid with the plaster to keep it from hardening. Some mornings I have a dozen calls for the stuff."

Men who carry timepieces of the cheaper sor selling from 75 cents to \$2, will be correct, after this, in calling them clocks and not watches, for so has declared the classification committee of the Eastern Trunk Lines Association. The manufacturers, who sell them at 57½ cents to \$1 each, have been trying for nearly a year to get a ruling under which the clockwatches, as they are technically known, could be shipped by freight. It has been the practice to accept clocks as freight, but watch manufacturers have been obliged to ship their goods by express, which is to ship their goods by express, which is more expensive. Thousands of dollars will be saved annually to shippers of these articles as the result of the new classifi-

"You're ahead of us in some things," said the man from Chicago in the quick lunch place, "but on this hurry up feed game we've got you skinned a mile. In most of our quick lunch rooms, you seat yourself at the table and whisper your order in the ear of the waiter who confidentially bends over your shoulder. As soon as he gets a line on what you want he faces the man who guards the coffee urns and ready-to-serve dishes, wiggles his fingers over the deaf and dumb alphabet and in less than a minute your order is filled without unnecessary clamor."

A truck horse fell in Columbus Circle. The driver was trying to get a blanket under the animal's feet so that he wouldn't slip in the snow while getting up, when an automobile stopped near by. "Get some ashes," advised the chauffeur;

Paddy was dead, and at his home in So West Thirty-fourth street a wake was in progress that his position in the shadowy world might be assured. Many of his good fellow and liked Absalom, he slapped | friends were present, but as they sat around again and yet again.

Absalom dropped the tray he was carrying and strode into the kitchen. Foreseeing trouble, White and Pottle followed

Themas were present, but as the year that the room they were grieved to notice the absence of the cheer which usually accompanies functions of the sort. Hints were discovered that increased liberality would dropped that increased liberality would meet with the unanimous approval of the friends of the deceased, but hints fell on

One mourner, however, was of the sort that leads rebellions. Rising slowly and with dignity, he turned to the widow and

"Paddy was a fine man, an' he was fri'nd of mine an' of iv'ry man that loves a drop of th' crayther. I'm now fer goin' down th' sthreet where there's a man dead as was no fri'nd of mine, but there's th' place where a man needs rubbers an' a life preserver to kape himself from drownin'. Good night, Biddy.

The hall boys in a large apartment house on Riverside Drive were kept busy one day this week showing strange callers to apartment D, till imperative orders came from the mistress that none but her friends should be sent to her door. It came out by degrees that all the strangers had called to look at a shandsomaly function to look at a "handsomely furnished room with fine view of Hudson, \$3," advertised from suite D, and that the eleven-year-old of the family had inserted the advertisement for a joke.

WEBER AND ZIEGFELD PART. They Never Agreed in the Music Hall

-Anna Held a Source of Trouble. Joe Weber and Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., who have been running the Weber Music Hall, have dissolved partnership. Hereafter Mr. Weber will manage his amusement place alone. Ziegfeld and his wife, Anna Held, will quit the music hall in two weeks. Weber has paid Ziegfeld cash for his interest in the music hall. He seemed to be

glad yesterday that he no longer had Ziegfeld for a partner. They signed articles of dissolution late on Saturday night and it was agreed between them that the fact should not be announced until to-day, but Ziegfeld could not keep the secret. The pair became partners last summ When it was announced that they had joined hands to run Weber's music hall managers who knew Ziegfeld and his wife were willing to wager that the compact would not outlast the season. As a matter of fact, at no time have the partners agreed

on anything.
The Rialto has heard continually of The Rialto has heard continually of friction in the company, and the names of Miss Held and Ziegfeld have always been in the rumors. When Miss Held entered the company it was stipulated that she was not to be featured more than any other member of it. When "Higgledy-Piggledy" was produced she was a good deal of a frost. Marie Dressler created most of the laughter and received most of the applause. This nettled Miss Held and displeased her manager-husband. The result has been continuous ill feeling in the company.

Weber and Ziegfeld's decision to part company was reached suddenly on Saturday. Both say it was not preceded by a row.

Both say it was not preceded by a row. Weber does not know yet whether he will get some one to play Miss Held's part or whether it will be cut out of the show alto-New York for nearly a century.

This thing is getting to be a matter of business, said Mr. White

Whether it will be cut out of the show altogether. He has several chorus girls who could play the rôle acceptably. Trixie Friganza is a recent addition, and she may take Miss Held's place.

"Raffles".

Those who enjoy a good detective story should read the adventures of "Raffles," the Gentleman Burglar, appearing in

Colliers

"The Chest of Silver" now on sale

POLICEMAN IN SNOW GRAFT.

ARRESTED FOR OFFERING STOLEN SNOW TICKETS AT CUT RATES.

Each Worth 33 Cents-His Price Was \$50 for 900 and He Admits That He Knew They Were Stolen-One of Contractor Bradley's Superintendents Also Arrested.

Patrolman Frank G. Fletcher of the moval tickets. An employee of William the Street Cleaning Department wanted Bradley & Son, who have the contract for in exchange for his little blue tickets and removing the snow, was arrested by Reardon on Saturday night for stealing the tickets, and the District Attorney expects at least one other arrest.

Mr. Bradley recently discovered what he believed to be an extensive swindling scheme and he went to see the District Attorney at once. The tickets, which are worth 33 1-3 cents apiece when presented lot of money in Coney Island at this season for payment, are distributed by the contractors among their superintendents to give to drivers, one for every load of snow actually dumped into the river. Mr. Bradley said that the number of tickets issued hasn't tallied with the number of loads dumped into the river as counted by the inspectors. A large number of and labored along with a crowd of peanut tickets was missing and he suspected that and hokey pokey men. some of the drivers provided with the classification committee of the Eastern stolen tickets had carted their loads only a short distance from the starting point and after dumping them into the street had

Policeman Reardon, whom Mr. Jerome Policeman Reardon, whom Mr. Jerome sent to investigate, was told that Julius E. W. Bendt, a superintendent in Bradley's employ, had left the contractor's office, at 154 East Twenty-fourth street, about 5 o'clock on Friday evening with a large number of tickets. Bendt returned about 8 o'clock and told Mr. Bradley that he had been robbed of 900 tickets. The contractor wasn't satisfied with the explanation.

Between 7 and 8 o'clock the same evening another superintendent named Walsh was visited by two men, one of them a uniformed policeman. The policeman and his companion asked Walsh if he wanted to buy 200 snow removal tighter for \$50. The panion asked Walsh if he wanted to buy 900 snow removal tickets for \$50. The tickets are worth about \$300. The police-man had in his hands two pads of 100 tickets apiece and admitted, according to Walsh, that they had been stolen. The superinthat they had been stolen. The superintendent and the two men went to a saloon at Seventy-ninth street and Avenue C and talked the matter over. The policeman said that he had to go on reserve at the Macdougal street station at 8 o'clock, but would like to talk the matter over with Walsh again. Walsh at once reported the interview to Mr. Bradley.

Reardon started in by arresting Bendt on Saturday. Bendt was arraigned in the Yorkville court yesterday and held in \$500 for examination to-morrow.

wouldn't slip in the snow while getting up, guests. He's fond of slapping them on the back and of offering to shake hands with them. That's all right, he thinks, it is like a dog wagging his tail or a cat rubbing against your legs. But let Mr. White or his friends return the slap, and he's shocked and angry all through. That is considerable, for Absalom is of the James J. Jeffries class.

Well, the other night White arranged a stag dinner for four in the studio. One of the guests was Emory Pottle, magazine editor and fiction writer. Another was one whom Mr. White wishes to have designed when an automobile getting up, when an automobile grouped here of get when an automobile getting up, when an automobile getting up, when an automobile getting up, when an automobile stopped near by.

"Get some ashes," advised the chauffeur;
"they're better."

"G'wan," retorted the driver. You're

"Blizzard week was hard on the mail arrested, but admitted that he knew the tickets were stolen. He was locked up arrested, but admitted that he knew the tickets were stolen. He was locked up arrested, but admitted that he knew the tickets were stolen. He saked for Fletcher. Who was out on post on Broadway, and Acting Captain Hughes sent for him. Fletcher begged not to be at the wind and the Sheepshead Bay road and West Fifth Sheepshea on the force since 1897. He has a wife and several children. Twenty volice com-plaints have been lodged against him ac-

cording to the District Attorney.

Mr. Jerome refused to say who the man
was who accompanied Fletcher when Walsh

SOFA PILLOW FOR A HORSE. Samaritan of Sixty-first Street Makes a

Fallen Animal More Comfortable. A big brown horse hitched to a truck

fell on the icy asphalt pavement in West Sixty-first street, near Broadway, yesterday afternoon, and being pretty well exhausted from the heavy pulling, he was unable to get up. The driver, with three or four volunteer

helpers, made a few vain attempts to get the horse on its feet. Failing, the driver pulled a blanket from his seat and threw it over the horse, tucking the ends under its body.

By this time a crowd had gathered and

every window in the neighborhood held at least two heads. Suddenly a woman, hat-less and coatless, came from one of the flat houses and pushed her way through

the crowd.
"Driver," asked the woman, "will you lift his head, please?"
The driver lifted the horse's head while the woman put a light green sofa cushion under it. She seemed well pleased with her work, and, turning to the driver, said: "Is that blanket warm enough, or do you want me to bring you down some bed-clothes?"

"No; thanks, madam," answered the driver, "I guess he's warm enough." Content, the woman returned to her home after a final look at the horse. The driver turned to a man in the crowd and "He'll never get up now. Why, he'll just die on that pillow."

MRS. ROGERS TO DIE ON FRIDAY. Gov. Bell Will Not Change His Determination Not to Interfere.

WINDSOR, Vt., Jan. 29.-Mrs. Mary Mabel Rogers must be hanged on next Friday. Gov. Bell remains steadfast to his decision that he is to see that the law is executed and not to interfere with it. Seven murderers, each of whom escaped the noose by execu-tive elemency, are serving life sentences in State prison or insane asylums. Attorneys in Windsor are not inclined to speculate on the petition to be heard by

to speculate on the petition to be heard by the Supreme Court at Montpelier on Monday if presented. There is only one opinion. There will be no stay of execution ordered on such petition if it is presented because, as lawyers here agree, the case is closed and the death warrant issued. It has never been the practice of the Vermont court to grant such a petition unless such new evidence is submitted as would en-tirely reverse the verdict or, in other words. tirely reverse the verdict or, in other words would prove the prisoner's absolute inno-

"DUCHESS OF DANTZIG" TO TOUR. And George Edwardes Will Then Bring Here an English Company in "Veronique."

The success of "The Duchess of Dantzic" at Daly's has led George Edwardes to arrange with Klaw & Erlanger for a tour of this country next season with the entire

he will country next season with the entire company now presenting the piece here. It will open the new Montauk Theatre in Brooklyn on Sept. 17.

In addition, Mr. Edwardes has agreed to produce "Veronique" with the English company now presenting it in London, as soon as the English season closes.

DIGGING OUT CONEY ISLAND.

REAL MONEY IS CIRCULATING THERE IN BLEAK WINTER.

Esquimaux Get to Work With a Will at Twenty Cents an Hour-Were Not Afraid of Snow-How and Where Some of the Money Received Was Spent at Night.

Coney Island came back to life yesterday. Street Cleaning Commissioner Woodbury was responsible for the resurrection. He sent an inspector from the snow removal bureau to the summer playground, which had been overlooked during the hustle of the last few days when New York was shaking off its mantle of the beautiful. Manhattan, Brooklyn and even Long Island City had burrowed out from beneath the high piled snow by Saturday night, but Coney was a bleak and frigid desert when yesterday morning's sun climbed out of the ocean and sent warm rays broadcast over that section of this great city which is the most thickly populated portion on a hot summer night.

The bright sun didn't arouse Coney. It slumbered on. But when the snow removing inspector took up a position in front of the Pabst loop and announced that he needed men and carts there was some thing doing. The inspector showed a batch of tickets and stated that these same Macdougal street station was arrested tickets could be exchanged for real money yesterday by Special Policeman Reardon at nightfall. Then Coney ceased its hiberon a charge of receiving stolen snow re- nations. All that this representative of subsequent money was work, and he got it. Coney Island was almost instantly trans-

formed from a torpid and lethargic state into one of throbbing activity at the tune of 20 cents an hour. The more fortunate huckster and small merchant got out his cart and barnessed a stiff muscled horse. He was hired at the rate of \$3.50 a day-a population had no horses or carts, but they had hands, and didn't intend to let them be idle as long as a chance to pick up some money was in sight. So Coney Island went to work with shovel and pick. The man who eats live snakes shook off his dignity Big men with sonorous voices, who in

the good old summer time sport on occasions long velvet coats and high silk hats, forgot the time when they stood before the passing throngs shouting "Upin the air!" "Be a millionaire!" "He eats 'm alive!" and other such things and worked like beavers with the tattooed man, the Swiss giant, the rubber skinned gent and the glass eater in hurling snow into carts as fast as they showed up empty. Barkers. who in the heated term are wont to refer to 10 cents as "Only a dime, a paltry 10 cents," in this wintry season have come to consider 10 cents a sum worth striving for,

consider 10 cents a sum worth striving for, and they were among the first to take up the shovel.

The news that real money could be had for the shovelling spread to the banks of Coney Island Creek, where the Esquimau village from Luna Park has been giving a free exhibition of getting back to nature and leading the Alaskan simple life. These swarthy sons of the North proved crackeriacks when it came to assailing the snow. If a shovel balked they went at the piles with their hands and they didn't wear gloves, at that. Six of these fellows cleared out the lower end of Surf avenue in a jiffy.

slackwire walker beaming upon him. The blond snake charmer, who explains that the reason she takes in washing is that she hates to be idle, paused to tell the man that guesses your weight that he was one of the nicest men she ever knew, and Trixie, of the Bowery dance halls, avowed that Jimmy, the beer waiter, was "just too

When the shades of night came over Coney Island and the attack on the snow ceased, things began to liven up for fair. As the shovellers swapped their blue tick-As the shovellers swapped their blue tickets for the genuine mazuma the proprietors of little places in the "Back Bay" section got busy. During the afternoon they had hustled in getting wicks trimmed and lamps filled with oil. Several of the big places in Coney Island keep open all the year, but these places are not for the people of the town. The gilded Brooklyn youth with his week's salary reigns there.

When a true Coney Islander starts out to spend his money he seeks the little places in the section lying to the north of Surfavenue. There was a reason for his doing so last night, because in the dull winter-

avenue. There was a reason for his doing so last night, because in the dull winterdays it is a nice thing to have a stove to sit around and talk with old cronies even if you haven't got a penny. If a villager attempted to sit around in one of the swell places he would go out accompanied by a foot or a policeman. Naturally, he seeks the places where he is welcome when broke and that's where he went last night when the blue ticket was exchanged for coin. the blue ticket was exchanged for coin

The female division sought these places, too, and there was great joy on all sides. Old pianos out of tune were uncovered, and the way the excise law was violated was the limit. The midnight moon access was the limit. The midnight moon arose amid the strains of:

Newport's the place for style, I've been there for a while, But there's one place on earth, You can bet all you're worth, And it's dear little Coney-Coney Isle.

PUBLICATIONS.



"The Gentleman from Indiana in Politics"

In his new book, "In the Arena," Booth Tarkington has drawn extensively on his own experiences while a member of the Legislature of his native state. All the elements that enter into political life of the West enter into this writer's extremely strong and delightful fiction.

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BROADWAY & 19th STREET

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Another recruit to the literary colony in New York is Mr. Will N. Harben, author of "The Georgians," "Abner Daniel" and other graphic pictures of Georgian life. Mr Harben is very much impressed by certain commercial methods of the Northern metropolis, which it would seem by inference are foreign to his section of the country Visiting the shop of a dealer in antiques in pursuit of a table, he found one of rare design which the dealer said he had refused \$90 for on several occasions because he believed it to be worth \$100. On this particular day, however, being in need of cash to pay his rent, he offered the article for half its value. To confirm his statement, just at this point the rent, collector appeared and was unpleasantly insistent that the dealer settle at once or be dispossessed. Mr. Harben was about to conclude his purchase, believing that he had found a rare bargain, and actually had the money in hand when the dealer's wife came into the shop and greeted the rent collector with an effusive familiarity that ill accorded with the rôle he was assuming. The Georgian put away his money, made a mental note of Northern methods of stimulating business and departed, saying as a parting shot: "I just happened to think that my own rent is yet unpaid."

the Century coming publications-a title which provokes curiosity while it attracts attention. The book is an epic of the New York Fire Department, and the Smoke Eaters is the name by which the firemen are called in their own vernacular on account of the amount of black smoke they must encounter and inhale in their hazard ous duties. The author is a young Canadian, Harvey J. O'Higgins, who is well known as the author of short magazine stories, but who makes his first ventgloves, at that. Six of these fellows cleared out the lower end of Surf avenue in a jiffy. The inspector in charge said they accomplished more than twice as many others for the reason that they didn't stop every few minutes to blow on their fingers.

By sundown last night Surf avenue, the Bowery, West Eighth street and Neptune avenue had been thoroughly cleaned, while the Sheepshead Bay road and West Fifth street were at least traversable. A noticeable feature of the day was the interest displayed by the women of the place in the

The book is written by Charles D. Stewart and will be brought out in February. Stewart is a Chicago man who has written some stories for the magazines and has edited a trade paper, but this is his first venture as a writer of books. There is hardly a thing that a man can put his brains or his hands to doing, from the making of fine engravings to the herding of sheep, that the author has not done, and does not know about, all of which is a good equipment for a writer of stories.

KATE CORNIN FOUND.

Man and Woman Who Were With Her Locked Up for Abduction.

Kate Cornin, 15 years old, of 327 East Twenty-first street, for whom a general alarm was sent out some days ago, was found last night in a house in West Twentyfifth street, by detectives of the Wes Twentieth street police station. With her were Raphael Liguori, 19, who said he lived in Buenos Ayres, Alice Lee, 21, of 324 West Twenty-fifth street, Nicholas Liguori, 22, of 16 Minetta lane, Alfred Liguori, 21, of 28 Minetta lane and Arthur Joyce, 23, of 264 Third avenue.

The Liguorisare brothers. Raphael, and the Lee woman were charged with abduction, and the others with being disorderly persons. The Cornin girl told the police that Raphael Liguori and the Lee woman had lured her away from her sister's house and taken her to the place on Twenty-fifth street. She was sent to the Gerry society

AMUSEMENTS. LYRIC 42d st., west of B'way. Evgs, 8:15.
Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:15. in FANTANA

CASINO Broadway and 39th. Evenings, 8.12 Matthee Saturday. Stilliam Pussell IN LADY TEATLE RINCESS Lawara Terry 830 Mais w LOVE IN IPLENESS

Wallack's, Mat. Wed. & Sat. EAYMOND Evgs. 8:20. Hitchcock Thoyankee Consul. Garden, 77&Mad.Av. Ev.s 20. Mat. Wed.& Sat. Geo. Ade's New Amer. COLLEGE WIDOW Ican Comedy. THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC. 14TH ST. & IRVING PL. LAST WEEK. SIBERIA

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Closed Monday for Rehearsal.
TO-MORROW 8:15 FIRST TIME.
CHARLES FROHMAN FRIQUET

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Eves, at 8:20. Mat. Sat. 2:15
"GREAT LAUGHING SUCCESS."—Times. Francis Wilson Cousin BULLY GARRICK THEATRE, 35th St., near B'way. Eves. 8:10. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:10. Arnold Daly's Co. in Bernard Shaws TELL.

KNICKERBOCKER, Broadway & 38th St. Evenings at 8.15. Matinee Sat. at 2. Last Week. E. S. WILLARD in Wilson Barrett's New Comedy, "THE BRIGHTER SIDE." LYCEUM B'way & 43d St ... At 8:80.
Mais. Thursday & Sat. 2:15. MRS. LEFFINGWELL'S BOOTS

DALY'S D'way & 30th. Begins 8. The Duchess of Dantzic

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ENTIRELY NEW FEATURES: FLOWER BALLET BY CORPS DE BALLET OF METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE. Tickets and boxes for sale now at Arion Hall. Stand Park Ave., and at all principal Hotels and Theatre Ticket Agents.

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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1st. Mrs. Temple's Telegram.

PROCTOR'S "BIG FOUR"

23D ST.—The Four Mortons, Carlotta, Etc. 5TH AVE.—THE HOLY CITT & Vaudeville SSTH ST.—"Friends." Stock Co. & Vaudeville 125TH ST.—"The Henrietta" and Vaudeville LEW FIELDS' Phone 165-38. Eve. 8:15. Mat. Sat'y, Theatre, 4284, bet. It Happened in Nordland

HOLIDAY MATINEES WEDNESDAY, Feb. 22 PASTOR'S 14th St., hear 3d Av. CONTINUOUS.
CONTINUOUS.
KENO, WALSH & MELROSE, ERNEST HOGAN, NORA BAYES, LAVENDER & TOMSON—others

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3D AV., SIST & Sd av. | Escaped FROM Harem | EDEN | CINEMATOGRAPH.

PUBLICATIONS.

Harper's Book News

The Silence of Mrs. Harrold

Wall Street-the great powers of finance-the Theatrical Trust, and many other intensely interesting and real phases of present-day New York have a part in this stirring tale. The lovers are a popular young actress and the son of a great millionaire. Out of the "silence" of Mrs. Harrold a plot develops involving every character of the story in a situation that baffles the reader and lures him on from page to page.

mendous vitality and bignessmetropolitan life in its intense moments-that gives vigor and movement to these pages. Mr. Gardenhire not only tells a beguiling tale, but, from his insight and intimate knowledge of the secret ways of big corporations, involves his story in new, ingenious complications that will strike home to every American.

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This Evening at 8—La BOHEME. Semorien, Aiten; Caruso, Scotti, Journet, Parvis, Rossi. Conductor, Vigna.
Wed. Evg., Feb. 1, at 8—AlDA. Emma Eames, Walker: Caruso, Scotti, Plancon, Muhlmann, Glordani. Conductor, Vigna.
Thurs Aftn'n, Feb. 2, at 2:30—RHEINGÖLD. Fremstad, Weed. Homer, Aiten, Ralph; Mullord. Burgstaller, Van Rooy. Goritz, Dippel, Blass, Muhlmann, Relss, Greder. Cond'r, Hertz.
Thurs., Feb. 9, at 1:30......DIE WALKUERE Wedy, Feb. 15, at 1:30......DIE WALKUERE Wedy, Feb. 23, 1:30.....GOETTERDAEMMERUNG Fri. Evg., Feb. 3, at 8—LES HUGUENOTS. Nordica. Walker, Sembrich: Caruso, Plancon, Scotti, Journet. Berue. Cond'r, Vigna.
Sat. Aftn'n, Feb. 4, at 2-BOMEO et JULIETTE. Emma Eames, Bauermeister, Jacoby; Saleza, Plancon, Journet, Bars, Parvis, Muhlmann, Begue. Cond'r, Franko.
Sal. Evg., Feb. 4, Pop. Prices, at 7:45—MEIN. con. Journet. Bars. Parvis, Muhlmann. Begue. Cond'r, Franko.
Sat. Evg., Feb. 4. Pop. Prices, at 7:45—MEISTERSINGER. Alten, Homer: Dippel. Van Rooy, Rlass, Goritz, Reiss, Muhlmann, Groder. Cond. Hert. Wed., Feb. 22 (Washington's Birthday), at 11:30 A.M.

IRVING PLACE THEATRE. To-night at \$20. Barsescu as "Hero" in "Des Meeres und der Hebe Wellen." Tues. "Die Liebesschuie."

HARLEM Charles Frohman presents Evs. 8:00.

OPERA HAYSCHOOL Sat.
HOUSE COMMENTS CHOOL. 2:00.

AMERICAN Eves. 8:15. Mat. Wed. 25 & 50.

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